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Auditor.....J. C. Norwood
Treasurer.....G. B. Swango
Register of Land Office.....A. J. Groves
Supt. Public Instruction.....E. P. Thompson
Clerk.....A. Addams
Public Printer.....E. Polk Johnson

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court convenes the 4th Monday in May and November.
Judge.....J. P. Patton
Commonwealth's Attorney.....J. C. Norwood
Clerk.....J. P. Patton
County Court.....J. P. Patton
County Jail.....J. P. Patton

CLERICAL OFFICERS.

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THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

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VOL. IV. HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1892. NO. 23.

LIFE.

(By Belle Hunt.)

A sudden glimpse of strange things in a strange new world, A little, puny protest 'gainst existence hurried, A lot of smiles and rocking, and a lot of aches and strife, Soapbaths and catnip tea— And that is life.

A chasing bees and butterflies through spring's bright days, A plucking gold-eyed daisies in the woodland ways, A little bread and sugar, and a little fess and rife, Mud pats and broken dolls— And that is life.

A little books and music, and an "art" or two, A sweetheart, and a long dress, and some gum to chew, A ring and a love-letter, "Will you be my wife?" A wedding veil and bridal tour— And that is life.

A little home and dishes, and some rooms to sweep, A lot of tumbled castles, and a lot of tears to weep, Some joys as sweet as heaven, some pains keen as a knife, Then creeping down 'the shady side'— And that is life.

A CURIOUS LEGEND.

Savage Retribution of the Indians of Arizona--Feud of Syks and Snakes.

Meaning of "Sikyaty"—Why the Old War Chief Spared the Women and Children of a Hostile Tribe.

(Chicago Herald.)

"Sikyaty" means "yellow house." Sikyaty was one of the ancient towns of the Maricopa Indians in the times when the rivers were wider and the white man had never seen even the tallest peaks of the mountains. The young corn people who came from the east lived there. They were a very warlike people and a proud race. But they were not so old as the Snakes, who came much earlier, and lived up on the mesa. The Syks and the Snakes quarreled over water, and the young slingers of the Snakes came over from Walpi and tormented the Syks, for they could throw so true as to hit a bird in a tree. So the Syks put up two towers in their village, and after that they had the best of the fighting as long as they remained at home. But they were not content with that. They wanted to destroy the Snakes so there would be plenty of water.

One day a Syk prowled about Walpi, the village of the Snakes up there on the mesa, and he saw a maiden at a window. She was a beautiful girl, and the daughter of a chief. Her brother was the bravest man in the whole Mogi tribe, and when he was older he would become the principal chief. The Syk took his bow and arrow, and when no one was looking he leaped upon a rock and shot the maiden. His arrow went through her neck. Then her brother's heart was very heavy. He loved his beautiful sister and resolved to avenge her death. But he did not say what he meant to do. He waited till the Syks celebrated the corn dance and he attended it. It was the custom for all who took part in the games at this festival to wear helmets which hid their faces, that no one might tell who they were. The brother was alone in the Syk town, but he was not afraid. There was no one in the village who could run so fast as he nor any one who could throw him down. He won the prize, and then, as that was the way of the Syks, he selected from among the women watching the sports the most beautiful maiden and he climbed up to where she sat in the wall of the tower. He had in his hand the token of his victory in the games, and this he offered to her. As she leaned forward to receive it, smiling upon him, and while all the people wondered who her brave lover might be, he drew his stone knife and killed her. All the Syks sprang up and cried out when they saw her fall. They were mad, because they believed this must be a Snake. Then they were surprised, for he threw off the helmet and they saw it was the brother of the girl who had been killed. And the maiden he had stabbed was the only sister of the Bowman who had slain the girl in Walpi.

All the Syks darted after him, but he climbed swiftly up the wall of the mesa, stopping only to cast stones at them from his sling till he reached his home. But the Syks raised an army and began again the war against the Snakes. The battle raged every day and every tribe could go away from home, for his women and children would be killed while he was gone. Many people were killed while tending their gardens or flocks, and the corn of the Syks could not ripen because the Snakes would not fill their have water enough to fill the ditches.

After a great many years, when

SIMPSON'S ROCK.

A Monument to the Heroism of a Great Indian Fighter.

(Exchange.)

Out at Trinidad, Col., just south of the town, is a huge flat-topped rock on the top of a hill perhaps three hundred feet high. It is called Simpson's Rock, and is one of the historical points in the west. Indeed, it is a fragment of history from that time when heroic deeds made sacred by the spilling of white man's blood ushered in the safe and prosperous era of white man's rule.

Simpson was a pioneer and came to the place long before the name of Trinidad was heard. He was a freighter, and finding many advantages about the spot he prepared a home for his family on the bank of the Purgatoire river. He had a wife and two boys in his home at Santa Fe; and no man ever more lovingly prepared a lodge for his love than this rough driver fashioned a dwelling in far-away Trinidad. He had everything in readiness as he passed through to the east, and meant to bring out his wife and children on his next trip west. But the Indians had risen that fall and swept all the settlements down the river. They found Simpson's home just ready for occupancy, captured the men he had employed to take care of it, and then laid in wait without disturbing a thing till the owner should come.

Simpson had seen signs of their ravages, and knew the knife and brand were devastating the country. He circled around his cherished home and saw enough to warn him. He drove to the foothills, south of the river, and began preparations for a guarded camp. The Indians did not wait for barricades, but attacked at once. The helpers were slaughtered at the first assault, but Simpson, with one canteen of water, fought his way through the line of screaming Utes and clambered up the hill. They followed as they could, but darkness favored him, and he gained the hills. Next morning early they found him, and he retreated a little further up the hill, killing several of his assailants from a better cover. In the afternoon they drove him from that, and he clambered a little higher up. So the warfare went on. He had shot so many they could not leave him alive, but they could not capture him. The second night Simpson retreated to the very top of the hill, rolled a shelter of stones in a spot where he could command the one approach, and waited. He had eaten nothing and could hope for no food. The only chance of deliverance lay in the possible coming of soldiers to avenge the massacre of settlers. Lying there in the broiling sun by day and the chilling air by night, the grim old man watched sleeplessly, picking off his enemies as they crept, one by one up the path.

Day after day for a week, without other food than cactus root, with no water than that one canteen full, he stood off his enemies. He never shot till a head was in sight, and he always killed. He found it, feeble crawling about his little fort, on the evening of the twelfth. He killed three Indians on the thirteenth. In the thick darkness before the dawn of the fourteenth day he felt rather than saw an Indian at the path, and shot without a waver. He heard the voiceless Ute roll down the precipice and pumped in another cartridge.

That was his last. They found him so at noon, his dead eyes wide open, his rifle lying along the rock, his pinched, heroic frame starved for food and famished for water, so thin that they spurned it with their feet. For fourteen days he had fought them, and then he had died defiant. Trinidad people have raised a cross to mark his grave and perpetuate the memory of the most hopeless, the most surprising fight in all the Indian annals.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cts. per bottle at Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

A Nice Game.

(Showing Green Democrat.)

A new game called "Editor's Delight," is played in this wise: Take a sheet of ordinary writing paper, fold carefully and enclose a bank note sufficiently large to pay up all arrears and one year in advance. What adds immensely to the pleasure of the game is to send along the name of a new subscriber or two, accompanied by the cash. Keep an eye on the editor, and if a smile adorns his face the trick works like a charm. Now is the time to play the trick.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. At Z. W. Griffin & Bro.'s Drug Store.

A Little Nonsense.

Wendy—"Batrix, why do you refuse me when you know a single kiss from those sweet lips would intoxicate me with delight?" Batrix—"Because, George, this is a prohibition town."—Boston Post.

A Georgia editor who recently discovered a pile of human bones in his town has decided that they once belonged to men who had attempted to run newspapers in that vicinity.—Atlanta Constitution.

"My dear, will you please explain how your new cloak came to be set down among the household expenses?" "Why, darling, you are certainly not going to deny that it is a mantle-piece? And you know you told me to get one."—Washington Star.

She has been to school and college, And acquired stories of knowledge; She can find in seven languages—it must be lots of fun. I might be really jealous, But her jilted lovers tell, Though she talks in seven languages, she can't tell the truth in one. —Demorest's Magazine.

At an experience meeting held in an Eastern city, the various speakers told what had been the objects of their ambition in early life. One of them had wanted to be President of the United States, another to get rich, another to have plenty of nines, another to be a military dictator like Napoleon, another to own a pony, another to be a preacher, another a lawyer, another a blacksmith, and another a naval commander. Only two of all the speakers had attained the object of their early ambition.

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FAMILIAR TO MOTHERS.

What the little Darlings Say Just Before the Eye-lids Droop.

(Chicago Tribune.)

That's only blood off'n my second little toe." "And that." "Jus' where I slud off'n the barn." "And this?" "Dirt." "He is four years' old. His mother was getting him ready for bed. He had blue, and black, and brown bruises all over him. She bathed him and put on his nightgown. He said his prayers. Then he clambered into the chair opposite her. The expression was one of angelic pensiveness.

"Mamma." "Yes." "Will you give me a pencil and paper?" "What do you want them for?" "This was the leading question. He evaded it. "How," he asked, "do you spell Omaha?" She told him.

"How do you spell policeman?" She told him that, too. "How do you spell Ora Green and Elihu Green?" He was answered. "Can you spell Tommy Benjamin?" She could, and did.

He was silent. He propped his pink chin in his pink palm and thought the matter over. Finally he drew along breath and straightened up. "I fought if I had a piece of paper an' a pencil I knowed how to spell every word I would write to Omaha for a policeman to come and 'rest Ora Green, an' Elihu Green, an' Tommy Benjamin for frowin' stones at me an' sayin'."

"Gee whizz! Staggy bat. Criss-cross; caraway rat!" The patient mother insisted on an adjournment. When he was in bed and his small sister in her cot on the other side of the room he said: "Mamma, are we all made out of dirt?" "Adam was," she hedged.

"O," cried the wee girl excitedly, "Jays Gog made little girls out of dirt an' den he 'pit on them! Did he," in righteous wrath, "put on dem, mamma?" Evidently the latter possible fact was more galling than that of construction from clay. "No one knows exactly how God makes anything."

"Can he see in here?" queried Jim. "Yes." "If 'twas an iron house, could he?" "Yes." "If 'twas an iron house, wifout any windows, could he?" "Yes. Now go to sleep." Piped the little maid: "Does God make cows?" "Yes. Now hush!" "How does he make cows, mamma?" This the mother was deliberating when Jim spoke.

"Cows!" scornfully. "Cows! God don't make cows. God makes calves, and they grow into cows! Don't they, mamma?" "Yes. Do shut your eyes, both of you, and go to sleep!" Fifteen minutes passed. Surely she was safe. Surely she might steal down stairs. She rose noiselessly and sneaked to the door.

"Mamma!" murmured a drowsy voice. "Well?" "How-does-he make-the calves?"

In Memorium.

Died, at the home of her father, T. H. Boswell, December 24th, 1891, Miss Rachel Boswell, aged about 19 years. Her remains were interred in the old family graveyard. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. G. J. Bean. Rachel was loved by all who knew her. The bereaved family have the sympathy of many friends and relatives.

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, 'Tis found alone in heaven.

There is a soft and downy bed, Far from the shades of evening; A couch for weary mortal's head, And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls By sin and sorrow driven; When tossed on life's tempest shoal And all is dear—"tis heaven.

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye, The heart no longer risen, And views the tempest passing by, And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom And joys supreme are given; There rays divine dispense the gloom, Appears the dawn of heaven.

Weep not o'er her for she is gone, Has left a world of care; Has gone above where all is love, And the riches of heaven to share.

'Tis hard to give her up, the one so dearly loved, yet God thought best To call her away to dwell With the angels above.

C. M. COLE.

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B. J. Kendall, Enosburg Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

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SECRET ORDERS.

Sons of Veterans.

Given Maxwell Camp, No. 355 Department of Kentucky, meets every third Saturday at 1 o'clock, P. M., in Court House, Lexington, Ky.

Jas. L. Rowe, Sergeant.

G. A. R.

J. W. GOSWELL, Post No. 8, Department of Kentucky, meets every third Saturday at 1 o'clock, P. M., in Court House, Lexington, Ky.

S. A. MERRY, Adj.

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